an hour before she was able to speak, and was like a dead person, but thanks be to God, they found means to dry it up well She has been better since and begins to recover

l6th March 'A DECLARATION OF POPISH IMPOSTURES'

Master Harsnett hath written a book called *A declaration of egregious popish impostures,* setting forth those devices practised *by* Edmunds (or Weston) a Jesuit, under pretence of casting out devils, some twenty years since that of late have been called into question by examination of the parties possessed Noteth that these jugglers would act their dispossessions in some nobleman's void house in London, which houses in regard of their owner's callings being above reach of authority are commonly nowaday the sanctuaries for Popish treason, not that the noblemen themselves are privy to such meetings, but their corrupt housekeepers much in fault for entertaining such guests

The dispossession was after this manner First out comes the holy chair, and the possessed being a young woman is placed very demurely in it, with a cloth upon her head and a cross upon it Then in comes the priest attired in an alb or a cope with a candle in his hand (or else he is *anathema* by the Council of Trent), and after the performance of a whole anticsuit of crosses he approaches very reverently to the chair Then he first charms her in Latin, then he puts salt in her mouth, spittle upon, her ears and eyes, and anoints her lips and her nose with oil, and so God and St Francis save the young child

The devils that possessed these women were of sundry natures and names as Pippin, Philpot, Maho, Modu, Hilco, Smolkm, Hillio, Hiaclito, Lusty Huffcap, Soforce, Frateretto, Fhberdigibbet, Hoberdidance, Tocabatto and

many others

He would have all those gloomy spirits to come from melancholy, and that the popish priests out of strange fables and fantastical dispositions so wrought upon children, old women and maids that they were afraid to cross a churchyard or a threeway leet, or to go for spoons into the kitchen without a candle , and no marvel, for the Devil was ever at hand (or a lewd friar) with ugly horns on his head, fire in his mouth, a cow's tail in his breech, eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a negro and a voice roaring like a lion